

PS 635
Z9
142
Copy 1

Z9B142

THE *863 H*

✓
BAG OF

GOLD.

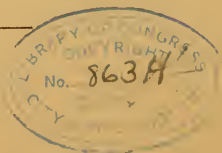
CLEVELAND, OHIO:
W. C. AIKEN & CO.,
1876.



THE
BAG OF GOLD.

A DRAMA.

IN THREE ACTS.



CLEVELAND, OHIO:
PUBLISHED AND PRINTED BY W. C. AIKEN & CO.
1876.

P5635
29 B 122

Copyright, 1877,
BY
W. C. AIKEN & Co.

TMP 92-008607

THE BAG OF GOLD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PAUL, a chimney sweep.

JEAN PAYOT, father of Paul.

MOTHER PAYOT,

TRINETTE, the betrothed of Paul.

ANNIE,

CATHERINE, } friends of Trinnette.

FATHER DRIES, a shoemaker, father of Trinnette.

FATHER MENTZ,

Judge,

Gendarmes,

Firemen,

SCENE. In one of the small provinces of France.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—In the open street—a group of young girls chatting together with their needle work in their hands—dressed in the style of the peasantry.

Annie. “Oh Trinnette, what a beautiful day! how sweet and fresh the air is, this month of May is so charming.”

Trinnette. “Yes my feet dance in spite of me, this first ray of sunlight is delightful and makes me feel so happy, we can now sit out of doors with our work and sing and dance and have such fine times. What a terrible thing it is to be shut up four long months of winter like a poor bird in a cage scarcely able to breathe in the close and stifling walls of ones chamber. And it does so try my eyes to work this fine lace during the dark and dreary days.”

Catherine. “Yes and one gets rheumatism and colds and coughs and thinks her life will end with the month of March. It seems as if the sun would never shine again, and we count the days one by one until this dear dear month of May comes, and brings sunlight, and warmth, and shines as graciously upon the poor as upon the rich;

but now let us forget and not trouble ourselves about the old imbecile."

They all sing—

We'll be happy now and dance and sing,
For this is the month of May.

Annie. "Bring your cushions and let us all sit together, for fear some troublesome fairy will come to separate us."

While they are working on a few moments in silence, a woman who appears about fifty years old, passes by them and enters her cottage.

Catherine. "There is Mother Payot, she never denies herself anything, she has on a new dress and a cap trimmed with two borders of lace."

Trinnette. "Oh how wicked you are! what difference does it make to us the manner in which people dress if they can afford it."

Annie. "Yes, Trinnette you are right—but she is so proud."

Trinnette. "But she is a good woman."

Catherine. "Yes, she looks as haughty as though she was the sister of the rich Madam High-Mountain, and when she walks along with her parasol she looks down upon us as if we were not worthy to clean her shoes."

Trinnette. "But that is only her manner, she comes from a high family, she has an aunt in Holland she says, who is rich, very rich, she has, I do'n't know how many tons of gold, and you understand when one comes from a high family, it is in the blood, she cannot help it."

Annie. "Bah! she is always talking about her family, nothing comes of it however, and her husband himself laughs at her as well as the rest, and tells her she is only the wife of a chimney sweep."

Trinnette. "I do not know why you need trouble

yourselves about her, chimney sweep or not, she lives in a house that belongs to her and owes no one anything, she pays for what she buys and does not care if her neighbours are envious."

Annie. "It would not be astonishing if you should take her part, for she is Paul's mother."

Catherine. "But do not be angry Trinnette and tell us if it is true that you are soon to be married? for I heard it yesterday at the grocers."

Annie. "And to Paul."

Catherine. "A chimney sweep! a man as black as black can be, six days in the week."

Trinnette. "Oh! if you could only have him."

Catherine. "I do not want him, even if he is the gayest fellow in all this quarter, and Sunday when he is washed clean, you could not even shake hands with him without running to the pump—fie! he makes me afraid—and when he laughs and shows his white teeth, he looks like a dog who has eaten Spanish pepper."

Annie. "How you do talk, Paul is the best boy in the world, he knows such pretty songs, he dances, and can amuse the whole neighbourhood, every one likes Paul, and then Sunday when he has on his blue jacket, and his pretty cap, he walks so erect and looks so handsome. Trinnette is right to love Paul if their parents are pleased."

Paul is seen in the distance coming towards them singing joyously—"Sweep, sweep, sweep,"—accompanied by his father, both dressed as chimney sweeps carrying their brooms and bags.

Trinnette. "Ah! there is Paul and his father."

They approach the young girls—the father passing—Paul then comes up to them holding in one hand a small broom, in the other a branch of lilac.

All the girls together. "Oh! Paul do'nt come near us you will soil our work."

Paul. "Trinnette, I met a young girl to-day, so beautiful, so charming and so agreeable—do'nt pout now; she asked me, in a sweet voice, if I had a lady-love; I would have answered no, but I dared not tell a lie; so when I answered her in the affirmative she then asked me the name of the young lady I preferred, I replied, her name is Trinnette, and she is beautiful, and as fresh as a rose. 'Then give her my compliments and these flowers,'" said she 'and if you continue to love each other, I will bring you flowers every year; as many as you wish.'"

Trinnette. "Who could she be?"

Annie. "Why who is she?"

Catherine. "What is her name?"

Paul. "You know her all of you very well, for her name is Madam May."

Paul laughing.

Trinnette. "He means the month of May."

Paul. "And is she not an old acquaintance?"

Paul hands the flowers to Trinnette.

Trinnette. "Thank you Paul, these flowers are very sweet, and you are very kind to bring them to me."

She reaches them towards her companions, that they may inhale their sweet fragrance.

Paul. "And now adieu for a while my turtles, and I will go and put on my Sunday face."

SCENE II.—Interior of a cottage—Paul's mother seated by a table upon which is burning a small lamp; she is occupied with darning the stockings of her son; she is dressed in a jacket of rose color, with an apron bordered with black velvet, having upon her head, a high

Normandy cap trimmed with a double frill of white lace. She seems occupied with sad disagreeable thoughts, and talks aloud to herself.

Mother Payot. "How they do deceive poor people; these rogues, they know how to keep money from the rightful heirs; and then they put it in their own pockets; but if I spend my last sou, I will see what has become of the inheritance of my aunt in Holland. Honest robbers they are."

At this moment her husband comes down stairs and sits near her; his appearance is changed, having washed himself, and put on his Sunday suit.

Husband. "I have had a great time with the rats, up in the garret."

Wife. "Oh leave me in peace. For the past ten years you have been killing rats, but there are still as many left, If you should leave your bag of soot up there they would devour it."

Husband. "That is true, but what can I do, I cannot kill all the rats in the world, but wife, what has gone contrary to-day, I have noticed that something aileth thee Theresa, but it is without doubt a question of lawyers, of your aunt in Holland, of the inheritance, and of your poor old father who died up in this garret, and left nothing. We have been married now nearly twenty-five years; next year at the Fete of St Jean, we will celebrate our silver wedding. During all these years, you have been constantly running to the lawyers, and spending as much each month as would make a small fortune. And now potatoes are very dear and the wages of a chimney sweep are barely enough to buy a small piece of meat, and the bread, the bread."

Wife. "Oh you need not trouble yourself with the

cost of bread when you can buy beer."

Husband. "But good mother, we forget what we were talking of. You are always thinking of immense inheritances that you expect to receive; and this is all bad for you. Soon old age will come on, and you will perhaps lose your reason—and God knows if all the aunts in Holland, would send me to the lunatic asylum."

Wife. "Oh what unpleasant things, one is obliged to hear from a husband. So you think I am from a family who had nothing."

Husband. "Oh no little wife; I think they were only an ordinary family: a family who had not much. Your father kept a small store for the sale of buttons, tape &c., and everybody believed he had some money hoarded up, as he was so miserly. But he died suddenly, and left nothing; we only inherited this cottage—but that is enough for me—your cousin was an orange pedlar; and your aunt picked up old bones and iron; her son was a fireman. They were all good, honest people; but then you can look at things as you please; and see everything you wish in the clouds: a splendid house, a carriage drawn by four white horses, servants, rich dresses, or a dragon with seven heads: you have only to wish."

Wife. "You may say what you choose, but I know I will be rich some day, before I die. I dreamed last night that I found a gold piece, under the floor of our chamber."

Husband. "Well in this case you will have to wait a long time—but what is that noise?"

Wife. "Oh it is only the rats; but what would you do if we should become rich some day?"

Husband. "Oh Theresa do not talk to me any more

of your castles in the air; we have never wanted for anything; the good God gives us our daily bread, and allows me every day to drink my pint of beer with my friends; what can we wish for more?"

Wife. "But then if you should become rich some day?"

Husband. "What would I do? [he reflects a moment] lets see; I would paint the sign on my house, and have it ornamented: and I would buy four hams at the same time: and then I would give four bags of potatoes, and six measures of coal, to the poor widow around the corner; and in the fourth place, I would buy a house for Paul, and give it to him the day of his marriage with Trinnette, and we would make a wedding such as we have never seen before."

Wife. "And is that all? that is hardly worth becoming rich for"

Husband. "Well, how do I know now; I would live as I chose, and help my friends."

Wife. "And you would still be a chimney sweep?"

Husband. "Oh I would only sweep chimneys at my pleasure."

Wife. "Oh you simple man." [she bursts into laughter]

Husband. "Well what would you have me do with my time, sit all day in a beer saloon? but now Theresa, tell me what you would do, if a treasure were to fall from heaven."

Wife. "Oh I would do better than you; for I am from a high family: me? I would buy a grand house: I would have a carriage, and four horses, a servant to drive, and one to ride behind: I would wear silk and velvet dresses, and I would have a muff and boa."

Husband. "A boa; what's that?"

Wife. "Why, what ladies wear around their neck."

Husband. "Is that the thing? it looks like the tail of a wild beast."

Wife. "Yes, they cost a great deal—and I would have diamonds; and to my dress behind, I would have a long train, like a queen; and I would have a servant to follow me, with a coat almost covered with gold lace; with yellow gloves; and a hat, braided with gold; then I would go sometimes to promenade in the streets, and I would make the grocer's wife die with envy."

Husband. "Yes madam, to see you, would make any one almost die with laughter; the wife of a chimney sweep, walking the streets, with a dress that trails, a fox tail around her neck, and a great fool of a man to walk behind her—but first put me in the mad-house, for I should certainly go crazy—but listen, the rats are mocking us, I will fix them, let me get my old sword—and wife get a few pennies for me, to get my pint of beer, when I come down."

He lights a lamp, and takes an old rusty sword, from the cupboard, and goes up stairs.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same place.*

Father Payot comes down stairs, without the lamp, and walks on tip-toe to where his wife is sitting, he whispers:—

Husband. “Theresa! Theresa!

Wife. “My God! what has hapened; where is your light.”

H. “Keep quiet and let me take breath.”

W. “But what has happened? what have you seen? a robber? a ghost?”

H. “Speak low Theresa, thy dream is realized; a treasure! a great treasure!”

W. “Oh my poor husband, he is out of his head.”

H. “Oh no no, but do not make a noise, or we are lost.”

W. “Speak then, for the love of heaven, speak, and tell me what has happened.”

H. “I have found the treasure that you dreamed of.”

W. “A gold piece.”

H. “A bag filled with gold pieces; I will bring it, and show it to you.”

W. “Oh if you are deceiving me; if this not true, I shall die.”

H. “Keep still, or you will betray us.”

W. “But how have you found it?”

H. “Did you not hear, Theresa, when I struck upon the floor? I was trying to kill two rats, that ran right between my feet; I hit my old sabre against a beam which supports the roof, when suddenly there fell out, a

little board, and a bag full of gold and silver pieces, rolled at my feet; I was so bewildered, I thought myself dreaming; but keep perfectly quiet and I will bring it down."

He goes up; comes down soon, carrying the bag.

W. "Let us put it in the strong iron box."

H. "Oh no, we will hide it under our bed, or in the straw of the mattress."

W. "Any one can see that you are not accustomed to have money; do you suppose rich people put their money under their beds? we will put it in the box, and lock it up, and if we find a better place, to-morrow we can change it."

H. "Well, I will go and fasten all the doors and windows, for fear some one will surprise us."

He goes and fastens the doors, while he has gone, she locks the money up in the box, and puts the key in her pocket.

H. "The key, Theresa."

W. "The key? I have carried it for twenty-five years, is it necessary now, in your old age, that you should carry the key?"

H. "No, but it is to prevent you from spending it foolishly; for when we are old, and unable to work, it will be hard to live in poverty and want; while we had only a little money, it was of no use; but do not use any of it without my consent."

W. "And can I not then have enough to buy for myself, a new dress, and a hat with plumes, a pair of new earrings, in place of mine, which are out of fashion?"

H. "You do not understand me, Theresa, if you let everybody see that we have much money in our house, we may be robbed; and if you wear rich clothes, the

neighbours will point their fingers at you in scorn."

W. "Well what of that? the money belongs to me, my relations have lived in this house a hundred years."

H. "But, if robbers should know of it, they might enter our house and rob us, and kill us, perhaps."

W. "Oh! the sight of that money, has made you a coward."

H. "But think a little; how will people believe us, when we say we have found it? God only knows it may make us much trouble, Alas! Alas! we will lose our treasure perhaps."

W. "That is true, you are right."

H. "Be careful, be prudent, dear Theresa."

W. "Oh! I cannot keep still, for my mother has taught me to speak."

H. "Oh! how unhappy we shall become."

W. "Is everyone unhappy who is rich?"

H. "No, but everybody will know that we have so much money in our house."

W. "Well, what of that?"

H. "The robbers!"

W. "Oh you are beside yourself."

H. "Oh! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"

W. "But we will say that it is the inheritance of my aunt in Holland."

H. "That is well; and then no one will know that we have much, in our house: but you will manage our money very carefully Theresa, you will be very saving will you not?"

W. "Our money? it is my money that I shall speak of; and we will make Paul believe the same as the others. Go quick and unlock the doors, that he will not suspect

anything."

The chimney sweep runs to unlock the doors, and then seats himself at the table, with a face as calm as though nothing had happened. Soon is heard the joyous singing of Paul: he enters and bursts into laughter.

Paul. "Oh! how I have laughed; I've had so much fun; I've laughed till I cried."

He laughs again.

Jean. "Oh Paul! do not make so much noise."

Paul. "Why not? you know father, that we were having a new flag painted for our club, and we had Rubens—they call him so because he wears a hat with a broad brim, and a great moustache—to paint on the flag, a head; and when it was finished, it resembled exactly, the face of the blacksmith; then when it was unrolled, every one burst into laughter: ha! ha! ha! [he laughs.] some rolled on the floor, and held their sides; I thought I should die laughing;—but what has happened? you do not listen to me; and father you look so sad, you are not sick I hope."

Mother. "This is not a time to joke, my son; Paul, I must tell you something; we are going to have a fortune left us."

Paul. "Again? I know that old song of, my aunt in Holland."

Mother. "Yes, from my aunt in Holland."

Paul. "Oh mother, you cannot make me believe that."

Jean. "It appears true, however this time, my son."

Paul. "If this is so, I can then have my new pantaloons, and a dozen new shirt collars, as soon as the money arrives. But you both seem as if this was not good news; tell me then truly, what has happened."

Jean. "I have a headache, so do'n't make me talk, I will tell you all about it to-morrow."

Paul. "But something has happened that you do not wish to tell me; people who have received an inheritance have usually very happy faces: to-morrow morning I must rise early, for I have three chimneys to sweep at the Chateau Raust, it is over two miles from here, so good night."

Mother. "Paul, my son, we are no longer chimney sweeps, and when you go out to-morrow put on your Sunday clothes, do you hear?"

Paul. "Yes, mother, but I think you are hurrying things a little—well good night."

Paul goes up stairs with a light step, singing his usual song:—"I'm a merry chimney sweep," etc., soon after his parents also retire to their chamber, but Jean soon comes down, in a state of agitation, not being able to sleep.

Jean. "No! No! this is not true, I have no money, No! No! leave me!"

He runs around, trembling with fright; his wife hearing him, comes down, and seizes him by the arm, shaking him rudely.

Mother. "What is the matter, have you the night mare?"

Jean. "Oh! where am I! I believe I am dying, Oh! Theresa, it is impossible to describe what I have suffered. I was scarcely asleep when suddenly, I do not know what, some horrid being rested his whole weight upon my breast, and clasping his fingers around my throat endeavored to choke me. He told me to give him my money, and when I refused he threatend to strangle me and to stab me with a long knife he held in his hand. Oh! Theresa, it was a robber! an assassin!!"

Mother. "Oh, what foolishness; why do you go to sleep with your arm under your head? this is a night mare, go and take a little rest."

She goes back to bed; after a short time he—finding her again asleep, lights a lamp, goes to her dress, which she has left in a chair, and takes from the pocket, the key to the money box, unlocks it; he says—

Jean. "It is there yet. Oh! to be rich; to have money; what happiness! but after all, it gives a great deal of trouble, and takes away all rest at night, my wife is vain! she wishes to live in a great house; to wear beautiful dresses; to buy gold, and diamonds. Paul is young, she will have him play the gentleman; he will spend much; they will spend my money, even to the last sou; and then in my old age, I will be obliged to lie upon a bed of straw, and beg my bread from day to day; Oh! how unfortunate I am to have a wife who cannot hold her tongue. To-morrow as soon as daylight, she will run to all the neighbours, and tell them what has happened; and then, she will so exaggerate the amounts, that the thousands, will be millions. She tires every one out, with her talk; and everybody will spread the story that the old chimney sweep has become suddenly rich; and then robbers will break in, and carry it all away; and we shall become poor again, become again poor! Oh what anxiety and trouble riches bring to poor people; this is singular; and before, I was as a fish in the water; I knew neither trouble, or anxiety; I was contented with whatever God gave me; I danced, I laughed; it seemed to me that there was not a king, as happy as I; and now I tremble with terror, at the least breath, I am afraid of myself and everybody; I cannot sleep;—but I will become accustomed to riches, after a little, and if I do not laugh,

it will be only natural; a rich man ought to be grave and quiet. When I was a poor man, I could not aid the poor widow,—who lives around the corner—as much as I wished, but I had pity for the poor; I often wished to be rich, to be able to help them more, her dead husband was my best friend, and I promised him on his death bed, to assist his poor little children; now that I am rich, I can fulfil my promise. Ah! yes to do good, to be charitable; now I can feel how happy one is to be rich; but what will I give to that poor widow. fifty florins? that will be too much, they will spend it all, and who knows if it will not make them ungrateful: if I give them ten florins, it seems to me that would be enough; they have never seen so much money in their lives; it is dangerous to give too much to poor people, they are not accustomed to it, and it might make them gluttons, or idlers, if they can obtain money so easy; it is not best to encourage begging; but when I was poor, I sometimes put into the hand of the widow the few pennies destined to procure for myself, a pint of beer; and then I remained at home, instead of going to see my friends. Riches, make one miserly and selfish, and with less pity for the poor; truly, I feel something frightens me; Oh! no no, away with selfishness: I will put one side fifty florins, for the poor widow, and give her a part each week. Perhaps God will bless me by making me enjoy my riches more, and deliver me from this terrible anxiety, which makes me tremble every moment.”

He looks a moment in silence, at the pieces of gold,—which, by the flickering light of the lamp, sparkle like stars;—he takes out a few pieces and puts them in his vest pocket, in speaking in a low tone to himself:—

“I will add two more, the poor widow is so unhappy,

and the thought even of coming to her aid, does me so much good."

He then takes the greater part of the treasure, and counts it.

"Fifty pieces; fifty pieces are five-hundred florins; and five-hundred florins are about a thousand and fifty francs; I will hide this sum in some place where my wife or Paul cannot find it, and then if anything happens, or if my wife spends foolishly in useless things the other part, there will still remain this sum for Paul; and when he shall marry Trinnette, they will have something to commence housekeeping and to set him in a little botique."

He wraps this sum up in his handkerchief, approaches the chimney, places a chair under, and deposits the money inside, on a ledge of stone.

"Ah! now my heart is lighter; now I can sleep."

He blows out the light, and again goes up to his chamber.

SCENE II.—From the street in front of the house. Father Payot appears at the window and cries:—

Jean. "Fire! fire! help! robbers!"

Paul hearing the noise, comes to the window.

Paul. "Father! father! is the house on fire? where is it burning?"

Jean. "It is nothing my son, I have been dreaming."

Paul. "Well what has happened? I thought some one had entered the house; I have not closed my eyes to-night, I have heard such noises. But what will all the neighbours say to be awakened at this time of night, they have probably all jumped out of their beds, at this terrible cry of fire."

Firemen, gendarmes &c., gather under the window.

"What are all these? they have stopped directly under

our windows; they are the firemen and gendarmes, who hearing the cry of fire, are ready to put it out. Hello! what are you doing down there? go on your way, and let people sleep."

People outside. "Where is the fire, is it in here?"

Paul. "Where is the fire? in the oven of the baker's shop, it is eight houses from here, on your right."

Firemen. "We'll teach you to mock us up there, open the door immediately, or I will break it in."

Gendarme. "Do not be angry; Paul you know is a great joker, if he wished to speak otherwise, he would not be able; let me speak to him. Is there a fire in your house?"

Paul. "There is, every day just an hour before dinner."

Gendarme. "Now, no more joking, I was on the other side of the street with a comrade, when I heard the cry of fire! as if the whole street was in flames."

Paul. "Yes, it was my father, who was dreaming aloud."

Gendarme. "Wait a moment, I will teach you to mock the police; Corporal, run for the Constable; we will break down the door, in the name of the law, and put these people in prison."

Jean. "Oh! my dear sirs have a little patience, and I will open the door. Paul, my son, our house will be devoured by these firemen, it will make me ill."

Paul. "These firemen will not eat us up, father."

Jean. "Yes, yes, you do not know what I have suffered this night, my son, I can hardly stand upon my feet."

SCENE III.—Interior of the cottage.—Paul opens the door, and five or six firemen enter; the chief, siezes Paul by the arm, in a threatening manner. Father Payot places a chair in front of the box which contains the money, and seats himself.

Gendarme. “Ah! insolent young man, I will teach you to mock the firemen.” [Paul laughs.]

Paul. “You may speak of prison as much as you wish, but I am a free man, and if you touch me with the end of your finger, I will show you how you will fly out of my house, even if I am a chimney sweep, and do not wear a silver badge.”

Gendarme. [Turning to Jean.] “But where is the fire, there must be a mistake somewhere.”

Jean. “Oh I thank you a thousand times for the trouble you have taken, but there is not a spark of fire.”

Gendarme. “But you have cried fire!”

Jean. “Yes! but I have had such singular dreams.”

Gendarme. “Well, get up and show us all your chimneys.”

Jean. “Pardon gentlemen, I cannot hold myself up, my limbs will fall from under me; Oh I beg of you gentlemen go out of my house; fine me if you wish, a heavy fine, but I pray you go out of my house.” [enter Mother P.]

Mother Payot. “Gentlemen, this is indeed, a very singular affair, but it is not necessary for you to take it in a bad humor; I will explain all to you; I have received news from my aunt in Holland.

Her husband extends his hand, as if to stop her mouth.

We are to inherit I do not know how many hundred thousand florins; this news has so excited my husband that it has thrown him into a fever; poor man; but my brave people, I do not wish you to have all this trouble for nothing, take this [she gives them a piece of money.]

and go and drink to our health, and remember that we are truly grateful for your kindness." [exit firemen etc.]

Jean. "Mon Dieu! if poor people only knew what a trouble it is to be rich, they would not wish to become so, it is a heavy charge."

Wife. "Well! you have done beautifully; go to bed now Zebedee, and if you choose to dream of robbers and gendarmes, make as little noise about it as possible; the sight of money has almost taken away your senses."

Paul and his father go up stairs. It now being daylight, the wife prepares breakfast, then puts on her hat and goes out. Soon after, Paul comes down, and eating his breakfast, sits down to await his father. In the course of an hour, his mother returns.

Mother. "How has your father slept, is he sick?"

Paul. "No mother, he is not ill, he is fatigued; the events of the night have excited him too much; he will come down soon."

Mother. "Paul, look at me, what do you say to these earrings, do they not become me?"

Paul. [Raising his shoulders.] "I do not know, mother, but under your cap, they will be hid."

Mother. "Oh you wait a little, in a few days you will not see a lady dressed finer than your mother: she will wear a hat with plumes, a velvet sacque, a silk dress and colored boots; and then when you see me pass in the street with a little parasol in my hand, with an air so grave and so imposing; every one will judge of what a great family I am." [he sighs and shakes his head]

Paul. "Oh well, if there is no remedy for it, go then, live in another house; for to see a lady dressed as you will be, come out of the house of a chimney sweep; that will look strange; and then people will point their fingers at

you, and make sport of my mother."

Mother. "Patience, patience; your father does not wish to leave this lodging just at present; he has reasons for it. But when the inheritance of my aunt in Holland comes, I have my eye upon a beautiful house."

Paul. "Do you know mother what I believe? I believe we have all become fools; and as to the inheritance, I would rather have two good florins in my pocket, than these beautiful golden eggs not yet hatched."

Mother. "Oh incredulous boy, [she holds out to him her hand filled with gold pieces.] that is only a little speck; Ah! you have never seen so much money before in your life; [Paul keeps silent, his eyes fastened upon the gold.] hast thou lost thy tongue?"

Paul. "Mother, dear mother are we then rich?"

Mother. "Yes Paul, we are very rich."

Paul. "Ah! ha! what a life we will then lead. And Trinnette, poor girl, God knows if she will not become foolish with joy."

He sings:—"Chimney sweep, chimney sweep, how happy am I." His mother puts her hand over his mouth, and says in a tone of reproach:—

Mother. "Fie! Paul that song is for poor people, it is necessary to have one for a boy of a good family."

Paul. "You are right mother, I will make another song."

Mother. "No! no! it is not best that you should sing or dance now; a rich man should be grave and serious looking."

Paul. "Then I cannot be gay any longer."

Mother. "You can, when you are alone, but if you wish to take a good bottle of wine when there are no eyes to spy you, the neighbours will say nothing; this is the

way the rich people do."

Paul. "When I am alone? Do you believe that I drink for the sake of drinking? upon my word, when my friends are not with me, I like only to drink water."

Mother. "Beer, beer. Rich people do not drink beer, they drink only wine."

Paul. "But mother, I do not like wine."

Mother. "You can learn to like it. The first thing that you should discontinue, is your manner of walking in the streets, and your joking and laughing."

Paul. "And can I not laugh at all?"

Mother. "In the street? no! you should walk with your head high up, and with your face drawn down so."

She shows him.

Paul. "As if I always had trouble?"

Mother. "No, as if you were always angry; it is so common to laugh and be gay.

He imitates her manner, holding his head erect, and looks very grave.

There, that is beautiful! it is really worth the trouble of becoming rich; one can amuse themselves with their money.

She takes a seat at the table, as if to say some important things.

Paul sit down, it is very necessary that I tell you one thing, and now listen to me attentively.

What would people say to see the son of a baron marry the daughter of a boot and shoe maker?"

Paul. "I should think it a very singular thing."

Mother. "Do you not think Paul, now that we are very rich, that people would blame us if you were to marry a poor girl who has nothing."

Paul. "Good heavens! what do you mean to say."

Mother. "You see, Paul, Trinnette is a very good girl,

but she is the daughter of a boot and shoe maker, and I am ashamed to know her, if we had remained common people, you would have married her before the end of the year, but now all the town would laugh at us."

Paul. "Well, let them laugh; I would like better to be a chimney sweep with Trinnette, then to be a rich baron with any other. Now do not touch that chord, mother, or you will find me as stubborn as a mule."

Mother. "But Paul, there is the daughter of the rich merchant; she has black eyes and a fine figure; she is always dressed so elegantly, and then such beautiful manners. There is plenty of money in that family."

Paul. "But mother I do not wish you to speak to me of her."

Mother. "Well, suppose you have no taste for her, you shall not marry Trinnette."

Paul. "I shall not marry Trinnette?"

Mother. "No!"

Paul. "Oh well in this case, I do not care to be rich any longer."

Mother. "You will wait until sometime when it is convenient, and marry some rich lady."

Paul. "No! none other than Trinnette. Father said only a short time ago, that we should have a happy and joyous wedding."

Mother. "Your father will change his mind, when he becomes accustomed to riches. You must forget Trinnette, I tell you."

Paul. "I cannot forget her. I ought not to forget and I do not wish to forget her. Such a good girl, who would die for her Paul if it was necessary. It would break her heart. And I would not do it now that we are

rich. I would sooner kill my self."

Mother. "I forbid you ever seeing her again."

Paul. "And father told me to go and see her this morning, so that she should not learn of the inheritance from any other person."

Mother. "Then you are too late; half of the village know it already."

Paul. "But mother, you have yet a heart; think then that for the past six years, you have looked upon Trinnette as your own daughter. She loves you so much; it is always, dear little mother here, and dear little mother there. If she comes here to keep you company when you are attacked with the rheumatism, she always seems to anticipate your wishes. If the weather is cool, and the door is left open, she runs immediately to close it; and when you were so ill a few months ago, she wept every day, for three whole days, and went every morning to the church to pray for you. She has watched all night near your bed; and when your illness became dangerous, she wept so much and was so troubled, that the neighbors knew not who to pity most, you or poor Trinnette. I loved her very much before that, but since I found that she would even give her life to save my mother, another sentiment has filled my heart. I have respect for her, and in my eyes, all the damsels in the village, would not equal my Trinnette. And you mother, would now have laid in your shroud, if it had not been for her devotion."

He weeps.

Mother. "Paul my boy, you would melt a heart of stone; but rich or not, we are not the less human. Go and see Trinnette. Beautiful clothes will aid in a measure to give her an air more 'comme il faut.' And

I will do my best to teach her good manners."

Paul. "Ah! thanks mother; do now with me as you wish, if necessary, I will wear eye glasses, or yellow gloves; even if everybody laughs at me; but do not bring trouble upon dear Trinnette."

He rises to go out.

Mother. "Paul, put on your hat; a rich man ought not to wear a cap; and here is a silk cravat, with red and blue stripes; come to the glass and let me put it on you."

She puts it around his neck; he making it appear very evident that the colors were disgusting to him. He goes out very joyously, throwing an adieu.

Mother. "Paul! Paul, no more jumping; walk, as becomes your rank."

Paul, to please his mother, walks more slowly, and with his head held high, with a certain majesty.

SCENE IV.—In the open street, bordered on both sides with young girls making lace. They rise quickly, and greet Paul with attention. He seats himself near the door of the old shoemaker, and speaks to them.

Paul. "Why Annie you look so astonished; I should think an elephant was passing."

Annie. "Monsieur Paul, I congratulate you."

Paul. "Truly, and why."

Annie. "It is very sad in our street, now that the joyous Paul has become a rich gentleman, and is going to live far away in a distant part of the village."

Paul. "Keep still with your 'Monsieur;' I am always Paul as before,"

Father Mentz. "Monsieur Payot, can I speak to you a few words." [Paul blushes and seems embarrassed.]

Paul. "Certainly, good father Mentz, give me your

hand, how is your health."

Father M. "You do me too much honor; Monsieur Paul permit me to ask one favor; my daughter Susan you know her?"

Paul "Yes! a very good and pretty girl."

Father M. "She is a very good workwoman, and if you will please speak a good word for her to Madam your mother, and if she will help us to gain a few sous from time to time; for times are hard, and bread is dear."

Paul. "Yes! yes! certainly, but leave me in peace with your Monsieur and Madam. I should think every one was losing their senses. [To the young girls.]

Trinnette is binding shoes, I suppose."

Annie. "Ah! poor Trinnette, she is to be pitied; it will be a happy thing if she does not die."

Paul crosses over to Trinnette, who is seated before the door of her cottage weeping; her apron up to her eyes.

Paul. "Trinnette! Trinnette! what is the matter? speak; speak!"

Trinnette. "Oh Paul, I know it is not your fault; you would not have been so cruel to give the death blow to poor Trinnette."

Paul. "But for the love of God, what has happened?"

Trinnette. "I will bear my sad fate, and when I come to die, I will never blame you, Paul; I will pray God that he will give you a wife who will love you as much as I do."

Paul. "Ah! is it that, that you fear; console yourself Trinnette, nothing has changed between us, you are deceived."

Trinnette. "Oh! Paul, I am a girl too poor to lift her eyes to you; you are of a great family, and my father is

only an honest workman."

Paul stamps his foot impatiently.

Paul. "But who said that? it is only the talk of the envious. Trinnette you must not listen to them."

Trinnette. "No! no! your mother has laughed at us and said that I was only the daughter of a poor shoemaker, and should never enter her family. You must obey her, and leave me in my sadness, it will pass away soon, and when I shall be lying in the cemetery, and you go to walk there sometimes, think then of poor Trinnette who died young because she loved you too much."

Paul. "Trinnette, even if my father were king, you alone shall be my wife; my mother herself has no other desire; she has sent me here, and she said, rich or poor, Trinnette shall be my daughter."

Trinnette. "Oh! then can Madam Payot yet be my mother? and shall I yet be happy in this world? Paul, Paul, do not deceive me." [enter Father Dries.]

Father D. "Monsieur Payot, I am astonished that you dare come again to my house; we are poor people and common people, but we are honest; and each one is king in his own house. It is not your fault prehaps, but go now and forget that we live here."

Trinnette. "Oh! father do not be angry, things are not as you think."

Father D. "Now that your parents have inherited some tons of gold, there would be a great scandal if you should marry the daughter of a poor shoemaker."

Paul. "Father Dries you are cruel and unjust, my mother has sent me here to ask you to excuse the way she spoke to you; it was not intended, and she hopes you will forget it."

Father D. "No! No! your mother has shown publicly how she despised us, and now Paul, you shall not enter our house again; we are not rich, but it shall not be said that we let any one walk over our heads."

Paul. "And if my mother herself came here and declared to you, that she did not mean it, and had no wrong intention."

Father D. "In that case, it would signify something."

Paul. "Well, I will go and find her."

Father D. "I have just seen her go out a moment ago."

Paul. "Well when she returns, I will pray her to come and speak to you."

Father F. "But you cannot remain here now; I do not intend that you shall return without you are accompanied by her. The neighbours are all assembled around our door; go! if things are as you say, all will be arranged; but for the present, I pray you to return to your own house."

Paul on going towards the door to go out, speaks low to Trinnette.

Paul. "Trinnette, fear nothing, be happy, all will be well, in an hour I will return with my mother."

SCENE V.—Paul's home.—He enters and perceives his father seated by the table, his face buried in his hands.

Father. "Paul why is your face so red?"

Paul. "I have been to see Trinnette, and I found her weeping and sobbing as if her heart would break and my own feels nearly as heavy. Her father has put me out of the house. But father you are ill, let me go and bring a physician, you look so pale."

Father. "No! No! it is all over now, it was only a

nervous agitation. But tell me what was the cause of the trouble of Trinnette; why has her father been angry with you?"

Paul. "I do not know; mother has made a remark in one of the shops, that Trinnette was not worthy to enter our family; and from that, you can understand that he has mounted his high horse. But it will all be mended; I will go to the house with mother."

Father. "Your mother, your mother, she! makes all our trouble. She does not know how to overcome all her pride. She talks and boasts as if we had received a million florins."

Paul. "Three tons of gold! When I was coming back from the shoemakers, Annie asked me from the shop door, if it was true, that besides the three tons of gold, we had also inherited many houses and vessels."

Father. "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!! this is a very unhappy state of things; we shall never be able to sleep tranquilly again; all the robbers will have an eye upon our house; and God only knows how many plots are now being made to rob us of all. And they will kill us too perhaps."

Paul. "It is possible father, it appears that every one in the village know it, and everybody is talking of this astonishing news, 'the inheritance of her aunt in Holland.'"

Father. "Astonishing inheritance!! Ah! Paul, it is not necessary to have much, to have the neighbours think so."

Paul. "There is much however, three tons of gold."

Father. "But the neighbours are out of their heads."

Paul. "But then father, if there was only one ton."

Father. "No no, it is only a little fortune, enough though to live comfortably with management and economy."

Paul. "Who will believe it now, for mother has spoken of a house upon the St. Jacques, of hats with plumes, of servants, and so many other things that I believed that she had the purse of Fortunates and that we were going to live on a mountain of gold."

Father. "Your mother will put us upon a bed of straw, but I am going to show her that I am master. I will crush her new hats under my feet, and I will cut her silk dresses in pieces, and if she does not wish to behave herself I will put her out of the house, yes! yes! I will put her out. But what expensive finery have you about your neck?"

Paul. "O I had forgotten that, mother made me put it on, [he pulls it off and throws it down in rage] but if I have any, I will have one with better colors than that. I wish the inheritance had never come. We were never born to be rich; I would rather be poor than to pass such a life as this."

Father. "Do not desire poverty my son, for if your mother does not become more sensible, misery will come soon enough, perhaps it is already threatening us."

Paul. "But father you are sick, very sick".

Father. "O no nothing ails me, I am only fatigued."

Paul. "How is it possible that money has so changed you, your eyes look badly, you are pale, and your voice sounds so feeble. Before, you were always so joyous and happy, you could sing from morning until night. I feel already that money is an enemy to joy; my heart is heavy also, and it seems really as if some terrible thing

is going to happen."

Father. "Yes my son, what you say is very true, but still it is a great thing to be rich."

Paul. "So it appears, since this cursed inheritance has come there has been nothing but trouble and complaining."

Father. "Your mother is the cause of it all, it is her rage for expending that torments me, just think of it Paul, she has gone out now to look for a servant, and she will take none excepting one who has served a lady. To have a stranger in my house."

The door opens and there enters a servant, wearing a dress of livery, and a hat braided with gold.

Servant. "Why! this cannot be the place."

Paul. "Well, what is it?"

Servant. "You see my boy, I was sent here by a lady, but I think this cannot be the place."

Paul. "Yes it is here."

Servant. "Here? here in this house? it is impossible."

Paul. "Well, if you do not believe it you can go and leave us in peace."

Servant. "I have lived at the house of Madam Van Steen, but I do not wish to remain there, and hearing that your lady desired a servant to ride behind her carriage, to carry her prayer book to church. I suppose you are the errand boy of Madam, and this, the coachman; I hope both of you will say a good word for me, and we will have a good time together."

Father. "Go out of my house you impudent scamp or I will throw you into the middle of the street."

He drives him out. Soon the door opens and Paul's mother enters, she looks angrily at her husband.

Father. "Paul, I am going up stairs."

[exit Father Payot.]

Mother. "What is the matter again, Paul?"

Paul. "Oh nothing, there came here a stupid peasant who wished to be your servant and we sent him away. But mother before you take off your cloak, I wish you to do me a favor."

Mother. "Yes anything you wish."

Paul. "Ah! mother I went to see Trinnette, and if you had seen her you would have surely wept, she looked as if she was going to die, she begs you to come to her house, and tell her that you are not angry with her, and I promised her you would, come mother come."

Mother. "Oh who can refuse you anything."

[exit Paul and mother.]

SCENE VII.—Interior of the shoemaker's cottage. Paul is seated beside Trinnette who is embroidering. She puts her apron to her eyes to wipe away the tears. Paul's head is bowed, and he seems in deep grief.

Trinnette. "Paul, do not be so sad; what matters it if the neighbours do talk, if your parents can prove from where they received the money."

Paul. "The money! it is the money that makes all our trouble. It will kill my poor father if the neighbours even think that he did not come by it honestly. Mother has now her five senses but I fear for her reason. And then dear Trinnette, your father is so angry with me. Ah! when they say such things against my poor innocent father it makes me tremble, and I am afraid that we are going to be separated. Trinnette, this morning I went to church and prayed during one whole hour at the foot

of the cross, that God would be merciful to us and make us poor as before."

Trinnette. "Paul, you must not feel so sad, there are a great many rich people, are they all so unhappy?"

Paul. "I do not know, but for us money is like poison. Oh it is frightful to hear people say that my father is a robber, and not to be able to find the serpent who has dared first to injure the good name of my father."

[enter father Dries.]

Father Dries. "Trinnette, go up to your room for a few moments and leave me alone with Paul, I wish to speak with him. [exit Trinnette.] Paul, where did your father get the gold that your mother has shown to every one? [Paul hesitates to reply.] Say! quick! from where comes the money? It is for your good that I ask it."

Paul. "My mother has inherited it."

Father D. "The inheritance has come then?"

Paul. "No, not yet."

Father D. "Then from where comes this money?"

Paul. "She has probably received it in advance."

Father D. "From whom? from whom?"

Paul. "I do not know."

Father D. "You know nothing about it? my poor friend what is going to happen."

Paul. "But what is the matter? you are beside yourself, I tremble like a leaf."

Father D. "Paul, I have been questioned in regard to the origin of the gold pieces your mother has shown to the neighbours, but at present I cannot confide to you what the commissary of police has said to me, but I pity your poor father, for he has always been my friend, and I pity you and poor Trinnette."

Paul. "For the love of God speak quick! and tell me what has happened!"

Father D. "Paul, tell your father to save himself, to fly! for they are now coming to your house to arrest him."

Paul. "To arrest him? to arrest my father?"

Father D. "Believe me Paul, follow my counsel or your father is lost! [He whispers in Paul's ear.] There has been a heavy robbery at a large banking house, and they are suspicious that your father is an accomplice."

Paul. "What! do you believe that my father is a robber?"

Father D. "No! no! but unless he can tell where this money comes from, how can he justify himself."

Paul. "He will tell, how can you doubt him."

Father D. "Well now Paul, you understand the situation of affairs, do your best to aid your father, but until this is cleared up, you must not come here again; Trinnette has a good reputation, and you would not rob her of her only riches."

Paul. "Ah! I know it, I wish to save her."

[exit Paul.]

SCENE VIII.—Paul's home. His father is sitting alone when he enters. He closes the door, and turns the key.

Paul. "Father, do not be angry with me if I ask you one question. I cannot bear this suffering and anxiety any longer. It is very necessary that I know where this money came from."

Father. "We have inherited it."

Paul. "No, no, not inherited it, but received it in advance."

Father. "Well, yes, but why are you so troubled?"

Paul. "But from whom have you received it?"

Father. "Why Paul, you owe your father some respect, why do you dare to question me so?"

Paul. "I wish to know, I will know."

Father. "Ah! Paul, you ask me that which I cannot tell you."

Paul. "That, you cannot tell me? Heavens!!"

Father. "What is the matter Paul?"

Paul. "Father, there has been a heavy robbery at the bank, and they are suspicious of you, they charge you with the crime."

Father. "These things are said by the wicked and envious, my son, you need not mind them."

Paul. "But father, the gendarmes are coming to to arrest you."

He utters a cry of agony and falls upon a chair.

For the love of God, tell me from where you or mother have received this money. Alas! this that they say must be true, my father dares not reveal from where he has received this money. O! I shall die with shame.

Accused by his son, he weeps bitter tears. Paul puts his arm around his father's neck and kisses his forehead weeping also,

Forgive me father, I am so unhappy."

Father. "Accused by my son, and how have I deserve this. Oh Mon Dieu!"

Paul. "No, No! but it is necessary that I know, so that I may defend you. Oh father tell me then."

Father. "I cannot, I ought not; but be assured that your father is an honest man."

Paul. "And the gendarmes father, will you not tell them?"

Father. "Paul! go and leave me alone, I wish it."

Paul. "Oh father, father."

Father. "Obey me, go! [exit Paul.]

For a while, the old chimney sweep remains alone. He talks in a low tone, reflecting upon all the trouble that the treasure has brought upon him, and that his once happy home has now become a hell, full of alarms and trouble.

But I will reveal all, even if it should result in the taking away of all the treasure; and I will then become a happy chimney sweep. [enter Mother Payot.] Wife, sit down I have something to tell you. There has been a robbery at the bank, the same night we found the bag of gold, and because you showed some of the pieces, they suspect us. We shall be arrested and thrown into prison. I have resolved to tell all, even if they take away our treasure."

Wife. "It is the old shoemaker who is the cause of it all. Paul shall never marry Trinnette, never! and you are a robber to rob me of my money to give to strangers who have nothing to do with it. I will be protected by the law, you will be free to become a chimney sweep, and I shall leave for America."

Father. "But my dear wife listen to sound reason."

Wife. "What sound reason!"

A violent knocking is heard. Mother Payot opens the door, and three officers enter.

Gendarme. "We have come to arrest you. You are suspected of robbing the bank."

The officers then proceed to fasten the handcuffs upon him. He turns to his wife and speaks.

Father. "O Theresa, you have been the cause of this."

On hearing that, the gendarmes arrest her also.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The court-room filled with a multitude of people, judge, gendarmes &c. The judge turns to Madam Payot, and speaks.

Judge. "You say that you have had this money in your possession a long time, and that it came from your father."

Mother P. "Yes."

Judge. "How happens it that it was not known at his death that he had left any property?"

Mother P. "I know better than any one what there was. That which was given during his illness, could not be found at his death."

Judge. "How much does the sum amount to, that you have preserved until this day?"

Mother P. "I do not know exactly."

Judge. "Was there ten-million florins?"

Mother P. "Yes, more."

Judge. "How can you explain, that during these twenty years you have lived as poor people, and suddenly you find your pockets full of gold?"

Mother P. "Every one to his taste. I knew that I would inherit some, from my aunt in Holland, who is rich."

Judge. "How much money do you now possess?"

Mother P. "We have nothing now."

Judge. "What! nothing? yesterday however you showed a handful of gold pieces to the proprietor of the house of St. Jacques."

Wife. "Suppose I have given it away and do not choose

to say to whom." [He turns to the gendarme.]

Judge. "Lead in the husband. [He leads him in.] From where comes the money which has fallen so suddenly into your possession?"

Jean P. "My wife, my wife has inherited it."

Judge. "From her aunt in Holland, is it not?"

Jean P. "Yes, I believe so, yes."

Mother P. "Imbecile! His mind, gentlemen, is like an infant's of six weeks."

Judge. "Officer, take that woman by the arm, and at the least word lead her out. [Then turning to Jean.] You say then that your wife has inherited this money from her aunt in Holland?"

Jean P. "Yes, no."

Judge. "Yes and no? You must not mock the officers of justice. This is money received in advance from the inheritance of your wife!"

Jean P. "Yes I believe it is."

Judge. "And the sum received amounts to some thousands of florins?"

Jean P. "No no, hundreds."

Judge. "Not a thousand?"

Jean P. "I do not know."

Judge. "Tell the truth. We know all. Your wife says that she has received over ten-million florins."

Jean P. "It is possible. I do not know what I say."

Judge. "You are not sincere; you contradict yourself every moment. Perhaps you do not understand that you gain nothing by concealing the truth from me. Ten days ago, there was a heavy robbery at the bank, and they are suspicious that you are the robber; and every circumstance, even your own words testify against you. If you

do not wish to be conducted to prison by these gendarmes, explain from where this money came, which has been seen in your wife's hands. You are guilty of the crime which is imputed to you."

Jean P. "No, No, I am not a robber, I have robbed no one."

Judge. "Can you then explain why, on the night in which the robbery was committed, you awakened your neighbours with the cry of fire! to make them believe that you were in your own house at the time of the robbery, in order to conceal the criminal action that you had committed."

Jean. P. "Am I dreaming?"

Judge. "We know enough but we will search your house for more proofs."

The gendarmes enter, holding cords in their hands, with which to bind his arms.

A last chance is now given you to confess all; behold the ropes that are to tie your arms. For the last time I beg of you for your own interest to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Where did you get the money? speak quick! where did you get the money?"

Paul rushes into the room uttering a piercing shriek.

Paul. "Oh father, father where did this money come from? for the love of God speak! You, a robber? No! No! it cannot be possible, it is a frightful dream."

Father. "I have deserved it, I am punished."

Paul. "Deserved it! deserved it! what do you mean?"

Father. "No my son, your father has done wrong but he is not a robber. I shall tell all. I am going now to show you the treasure and after that, I will tell you

how it came into my hands."

His wife points her finger at him in a threatening manner.

Wife. "If you dare! coward."

Judge. "Gendarme, lead out that woman."

Jean P. "It is useless sir, I am going to tell you all, from the begining. I have not robbed, I have found the treasure."

Paul. "Oh Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Thanks for thy mercy."

Judge. "Are you ready now to give your explanation?"

Jean P. "Yes yes, but I have a prayer to make to you first. You see, this money has made me so unhappy; have the kindness to it away; have pity upon me; deliver me from this scourge; carry it away with you."

Judge. "Well, show us this treasure."

Jean P. "It was on Friday evening, the rats made such a noise in the garret that I took up my old sabre and was just hitting two which ran between my feet, when the point of my sabre hit a beam, and a little board fell out, and this bag of gold fell and rolled at my feet. The fear of robbers and that the money would be taken away from me, has made me nearly beside myself; but this is the truth pure and simple."

Jean takes from his pocket, the remainder of the bag of gold, and hands it to the judge, who examines it; he takes out an old memorandum book and looks through it, then at some of the gold pieces one by one.

Judge. "Woman, what was your father's name?"

Wife. "Vandenburg, Peter Vandenburg."

Judge. "This man has told the truth; they are not guilty. In this book are dates, where at different times her father has deposited in this bag a certain number of

gold pieces and stating that this treasure was to be left to his only daughter. We know that her father had the reputation of being a miser, and as he died suddenly, he had not time probably to tell where he had hid the money. You see these gold and silver pieces are old ducats of the crown of France, they do not at all compare with those taken from the bank. My brave man you have given yourself much useless pain and trouble; this money belongs to you lawfully."

Jean P. "O, carry it away with you."

Judge. "You simple man, we have nothing to do with it, it is lawfully yours; listen: 'Article 716 Civil Code. The property or a treasure found, belongs to the one who finds it on his own property.' This property belongs to you as the house is yours."

Jean P. "And must this scourge still remain in my house?"

Judge. "Woman, this money is an inheritance from your father, you can consider this old book his will, and both of you endeavor to make good use of it."

SCENE II.—Interior of the cottage. Enter Paul with Trinnette and her father, followed by a number of other friends to offer their congratulations.

Paul. "Come come, dear Trinnette, and father Dries, and offer father your congratulations, this was only a fright."

Jean P. "Dries, this is the happiest day of my life. It is impossible to tell you what I have suffered on account of this cursed inheritance."

Father Dries. "But it is all ended now."

Jean P. "O yes. We found the money here in the

house, it was left by my wife's father, here is his old book in which he noted down the amounts that he deposited in a bag at different times."

Father D. "God be praised. Jean, I have trembled for you as if you were my brother."

Jean P. "But you are the same as my brother. Ah, now we can see our dear children happy."

Father D. "But you are rich, and your wife—"

Jean P. "What! rich? I am Jean your friend, and this Monsieur, and Madam, is ended; we shall not say anything more about these things, we will talk of the joyous wedding that we will have for Paul and Trinnette. The money will be a good thing after all."

They all seem very happy and join in a hearty laugh.

SCENE III.—The cottage. At midnight. Enter two men; they move stealthily about the room; one carrying a dark lantern. They suddenly discover the box, and breaking it open they take from it the bag containing the money and hastily depart.

SCENE IV.—The same place. Mother Payot comes down stairs at an early hour, and finding the doors open, she goes to the box where the bag of gold was usually kept, and finds that open also; on perceiving this, she runs to the stairs screaming with fright.

Mother P. "The doors have been broken open! Robbers have been here! The money is gone! My money! Oh my money! I am robbed. Oh dear! My money, the inheritance of my poor dead father! Oh I shall die! [Jean hearing her cry, enters.] Oh where is my vinaigrette, my smelling bottle.

Jean pours out some from a bottle and endeavors to rub her face; she repulses him in anger.

Leave me alone, I see very well that you are pleased

with what has happened."

Jean P. "Theresa, the money is gone that is true; but the bitter life and all our troubles are gone with it I hope; have courage; I will go to work again and we will live in peace and pass our days in affection and joy."

[Enter Trinnette,]

Trinnette. "Oh dear mother, what is the matter? what is it that makes you so unhappy?"

[Enter Paul.]

Paul. "Hello! what is this? I believe our house is haunted. Trinnette here? then all will be right."

Jean P. "Paul, we have been robbed! robbers have taken away our money!"

Paul. "God be thanked. I can again become a chimney-sweep."

Mother P. "You, also laugh at me in my trouble."

He takes his mother's hand and tries to console her.

Paul. "Why mother, you are crying; but be comforted; the loss of the money is painful to you, but think; it did not make us happy; for since we have been in possession of it, we have only had trouble and disputes. You and father had always lived so pleasantly, but from the day when you found the money you have not ceased to have a sad face. We will now have no more trouble or sadness."

Mother P. "This was all your father's fault, he does not know how to use money, but I was born to be rich."

Paul. "Every one knows that you were, but my dear mother, I am your only child, and you are so good hearted, now be comforted; for since it is the will of God it is all right."

Jean. "Theresa, be reasonable. During so many years we have lived such a peaceable and happy life, and we will henceforth enjoy ourselves more than ever, now that that wicked and vile money has been taken away."

Mother. "Be still! You have prayed that this might happen."

Paul. "But dear mother, think how well off we were before; father and I were gay and always had something to say to make you laugh, and we were friends with everybody. You see, that beautiful and joyous life will return; father and I from time to time will buy you a new dress, and when Trinnette comes to live with us, you will be waited upon as a lady. You will find more pleasure in living than if you had the care and trouble of the money."

Mother. "But, Paul, what will the people say?"

Paul. "This is what they will say when we go out to walk you will take my arm and they will say that we are honest people who accept happiness or unhappiness as it pleases God."

Mother. "The will of God be done. Come dear Trinnette, you are the best girl in the world. Men do not know what it is to be rich, but then you will very quickly become accustomed to it will you not? It will come some day, be patient. My aunt in Holland is now over eighty years old.

Paul goes out very quickly without being noticed. Suddenly Mother Payot turns tremblingly towards her husband who enters at this moment.

Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Jean, there is still fifteen florins to be paid at the jewelers. To be poor is terrible but to have debts is far worse, and we have no means to pay it now, but I will carry my jewelry back."

Jean. "No, No, Theresa, you can keep them."

Mother. "But who will pay the debt?"

Jean. "I will myself."

Mother. "You?"

Jean. "Yes, me. I put away, a larger part of the money, tied up in my handkerchief. I hid it so that if robbers should come, most of it would be saved."

Jean goes to the chimney and gets the money, and empties it upon the table.

There Theresa, this is all your money; do with it as you wish; but I pray you to save a greater part, to build a little shop for Paul and Trinnette."

She smiles, and seems overjoyed at the sight of the money. Paul enters, dressed in his old dress of chimney-sweep, singing his usual song.

Paul. "Hello! Paul is himself again. Father, mother, Trinnette, how happy am I. Sing, dance and be gay now, for our trouble is all taken away."

He takes Trinnette by the arm and tries to make her dance.

Mother. "Paul, be quiet. I have something to tell you. See here, the money is not all gone; your father had hid a part of it. I will give it to you to set up a little store, when you and Trinnette are married—which I hope will be very soon; but I pray you to continue to live with us."

Paul. "Yes mother, we will live with you; we will continue to live united until death shall separate us."

Trinnette. "Yes! Yes! And you will be my good mother."

Paul. "Are you not happy now, mother?"

Mother. "Yes! my child, let us rejoice."

Paul takes his mother by the hand, holding Trinnette on the other, with Jean and father Dries on each side, forces them to dance.

THE END.

[Curtain falls.]



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 102 275 5